

PROPOSALS

For PRINTING by

SUBSCRIPTION.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

From the Text of

THOMAS NEWTON D.D.

BIRMINGHAM

Printed by JOHN BASKERVILLE for

J. and R. TONSON in LONDON.

M D C C L V I I I .

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The book will be printed in two Volumes octavo, on the same Paper and with the same letter as the Specimen annexed; the price to Subscribers (whose names will be prefixed to the work) will be fifteen Shillings in Sheets; one half to be paid down at the time of subscribing, and the remainder on delivery of the Volumes.

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175 Received of

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P R E F A C E.

AMONGST the several mechanic Arts that have engaged my attention, there is no one which I have pursued with so much steadiness and pleasure, as that of *Letter-Founding*. Having been an early admirer of the beauty of Letters, I became insensibly desirous of contributing to the perfection of them. I formed to my self Ideas of greater accuracy than had yet appeared, and have endeavoured to produce a *Sett of Types* according to what I conceived to be their true proportion.

Mr. Caslon is an Artist, to whom the Republic of Learning has great obligations; his ingenuity has left a fairer copy for my emulation, than any other master. In his great variety of *Characters*, I intend not to follow him; the *Roman* and *Italic* are all I have hitherto attempted; if in these he has left room for improvement, it is probably more owing to that variety which divided his attention, than to any other cause. I honor his merit, and only wish to derive some small share of Reputation, from an Art which proves accidentally to have been the object of our mutual pursuit.

After having spent many years, and not a

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little of my fortune in my endeavours to advance this art; I must own it gives me great Satisfaction, to find that my Edition of *Virgil* has been so favorably received. The improvement in the Manufacture of the *Paper*, the *Colour*, and *Firmness* of the *Ink* were not overlooked; nor did the accuracy of the workmanship in general, pass unregarded. If the judicious found some imperfections in the *first attempt*, I hope the present work will shew that a proper use has been made of their Criticisms: I am conscious of this at least, that I received them as I ever shall, with that degree of deference which every private man owes to the Opinion of the public.

It is not my desire to print many books; but such only, as are *books of Consequence*, of *intrinsic merit*, or *established Reputation*, and which the public may be pleased to see in an elegant dress, and to purchase at such a price, as will repay the extraordinary care and expence that must necessarily be bestowed upon them. Hence I was desirous of making an experiment upon some one of our best English Authors, among those *Milton* appeared the most eligible. And I embrace with pleasure the opportunity of acknowledging in this public manner the generosity of *Mr. Ton-
son*;

P R E F A C E.

son; who with singular politeness complimented me with the privilege of printing an entire Edition of that *Writers Poetical Works*.

In the execution of this design, if I have followed with exactness the Text of *Dr. Newton*, it is all the merit of *that kind* which I pretend to claim. But if this performance shall appear to persons of judgment and penetration, in the *Paper, Letter, Ink* and *Workmanship* to excel; I hope their approbation may contribute to procure for me what would indeed be the extent of my Ambition, a power to print an Octavo *Common-Prayer Book*, and a FOLIO BIBLE.

Should it be my good fortune to meet with this indulgence, I wou'd use my utmost efforts to perfect an Edition of them with the greatest Elegance and Correctness; a work which I hope might do some honor to the English Press, and contribute to improve the pleasure, which men of true taste will always have in the perusal of those *sacred Volumes*.

JOHN BASKERVILLE.

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PARADISE LOST.

A

P O E M

I N

T W E L V E B O O K S.

I N

PARADISUM AMISSAM

SUMMI POETAE

JOHANNIS MILTONI.

*QUI legis Amissam Paradisum, grandia magni
Carmina Miltoni, quid nisi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines continet iste liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terraeque, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum,
Sulphureumque Erebi, flammivomumque specus:
Quaeque colunt terras, pontumque, et Tartara caeca,
Quaeque colunt summi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcumque ullis conclusum est finibus usquam,
Et sine fine Chaos, et sine fine Deus:
Et sine fine magis, si quid magis est sine fine,
In Christo erga homines conciliatus amor.
Haec qui speraret quis crederet esse futura?
Et tamen haec hodie terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quae protulit arma!
Quae canit, et quanta prælia dira tuba!
Cœlestes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quae cœlestes pugna deceret agros!*

Quantus

*Quantus in aethereis tollit se Lucifer armis!
Atque ipso graditur vix Michaele minor!
Quantis, et quam funestis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic stellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulgos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali desuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui se parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnae non superesse suae.
At simul in cælis Messiae insignia fulgent,
Et currus animæ, armaque digna Deo,
Horrendumque rotæ strident, et saeva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admîstis flammis insonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et cassis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt, et ceu foret Orcus asylum,
Infernus certant condere se tenebris.
Cedite Romani Scriptores, cedite Graii,
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Haec quicunque leget tantum cecinisse putabit
Maeonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.*

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D.

On

ON PARADISE LOST.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In slender book his vast design unfold,
Messiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heav'n, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while misdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I saw him strong)
The sacred truths to fable and old song,
(So Sampson grop'd the temple's posts in spight)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his fight.

Yet as I read, soon growing less severe,
I lik'd his project, the success did fear;
Through that wide field how he his way should find,
O'er which lame faith leads understanding blind;
Lest he perplex'd the things he would explain,
And what was easy he should render vain.

Or if a work so infinite he spann'd,
Jealous I was that some less skilful hand
(Such as disquiet always what is well,
And by ill imitating would excel)
Might hence presume the whole creation's day
'To change in scenes, and show it in a play.

Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor despise
My causeless, yet not impious, surmise.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labors to pretend a share.
Thou hast not miss'd one thought that could be fit,
And

And all that was improper dost omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.

That majesty which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'st of in such state
As them preserves, and thee, inviolate
At once delight and horror on us seise,
Thou sing'st with so much gravity and ease;
And above human flight dost soar aloft
With plume so strong, so equal, and so soft.
The bird nam'd from that Paradise you sing
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldst thou words of such a compass find?
Whence furnish such a vast expence of mind?
Just Heav'n thee like Tirefias to requite
Rewards with prophecy thy loss of sight.

Well might'st thou scorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rime, of thy own sense secure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and spells,
And like a pack-horse tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our bushy-points appear,
The poets tag them, we for fashion wear.
I too transported by the mode Commend.
And while I mean to Praise thee must offend,
Thy verse created like thy theme sublime,
In number, weight, and measure, needs not rime.

ANDREW MARVEL.

THE

THE VERSE.

THE measure is English heroic verse without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse, in longer works especially, but the invention of a barbarous age, to set off wretched matter and lame meter; grac'd indeed since by the use of some famous modern poets, carried away by custom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and constraint to express many things otherwise, and for the most part worse than else they would have express'd them. Not without cause therefore some both Italian and Spanish poets of prime note, have rejected rime both in longer and shorter works, as have also long since our best English tragedies, as a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight; which consists only in apt numbers, fit quantity of syllables, and the sense variously drawn out from one verse into another, not in the jingling sound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients both in poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime so little is to be taken for a defect, though it may seem so perhaps to vulgar readers, that it rather is to be esteemed an example set, the first in English, of ancient liberty recovered to heroic poem, from the troublesome and modern bondage of riming.

THE

THE
FIRST BOOK
OF
PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

This first book proposes, first in brief, the whole subject, Man's disobedience, and the loss thereupon of Paradise wherein he was plac'd: Then touches the prime cause of his fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the serpent; who revolting from God, and drawing to his side many legions of Angels, was by the command of God driven out of Heaven with all his crew into the great deep: Which action pass'd over, the poem hastens into the midst of things, presenting Satan with his Angels now fallen in Hell, describ'd here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be suppos'd as yet not made, certainly not yet accurst) but in a place of utter darkness, fitliest call'd Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunder-struck and astonish'd, after a certain space recovers, as from confusion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him; they confer of their miserable fall. Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the same manner confounded; They rise, their numbers, array of battle, their chief leaders nam'd, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To these Satan directs his speech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them lastly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for that Angels were long before this visible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determin thereon he refers to a full council. What his associates thence attempt. Pandemonium the palace of Satan rises, suddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there sit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

Of Man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, 'till one greater Man
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat, 5
Sing heav'nly Muse, that on the secret top
Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
In the beginning how the Heav'ns and Earth
Rose out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill 10
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd
Fast by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventrous song,
That with no middle flight intends to soar
Above th'Aonian mount, while it pursues 15
Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme.
And chiefly Thou, O Sp'rit, that dost prefer
Before all temples th'upright heart and pure,
Instruct me, for Thou know'st; Thou from the first
Wast present, and with mighty wings outspread 20
Dove-like satst brooding on the vast abyss,

And

2 *PARADISE LOST.* Book I.

And mad'st it pregnant: what in me is dark
Illumin, what is low rase and support;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to Men.

Say first, for Heav'n hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell, say first what cause
Mov'd our grand parents, in that happy state,
Favor'd of Heav'n so highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and transgress his will
For one restraint, lords of the world besides?
Who first seduc'd them to that foul revolt?
Th' infernal Serpent; he it was, whose guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had cast him out from Heav'n, with all his host
Of rebel Angels, by whose aid aspiring
To set himself in glory' above his peers,
He trusted to have equal'd the most High,
If he oppos'd; and with ambitious aim
Against the throne and monarchy of God
Rais'd impious war in Heav'n and battel proud
With vain attempt. Him the almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from th' ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

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Nine